

unanimity and courage, and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea and forced back the waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on crushing friend and foe beneath their solid, tramp, and bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt. The scene in the ditch was appalling, although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate from plunging headlong upon the mass of bayonets, muskets, and sprawling soldiers—the ladders were all knocked down and broken, so that it was difficult for the men to get up at the other side, and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the sound were all lying in heaps together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grape-shot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and rifle-men, and under cover of this fire many of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances the enemy persisted in remaining outside in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand, and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is not right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery ere they fired it—the only foundation for which, as far as I can discover, is that many of the bodies of our men found in the Redan were dreadfully scorched and burnt; but there were many Russians lying there in a similar state. General Pelissier observed the failure of our attack from the rear of the Malakoff, and sent over to General Simpson to ask if he intended to attack again. The English Commander-in-Chief is reported to have replied that he did not then feel in a condition to do so. All this time the Guards and Highlanders, the Third and Fourth Divisions, and most of the reserves were untouched. They could, indeed, have furnished materials for another assault, but the subsequent movements of the Russians render it doubtful whether the glory of carrying the Redan, and of redeeming the credit of our arms, would not have been dearly purchased by the effusion of more valuable blood. As soon as we abandoned the assault the firing almost ceased along our front, but in the rear of the Malakoff there was a fierce contest going on between masses of Russians, now released from the Redan or drawn from the town, and the French inside the work, and the fight for the Little Redan on the proper left of the Malakoff was raging furiously. Clouds of smoke and dust covered the scene, but the rattle of musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke could be seen now and then a tricolor, surmounted by an eagle fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults of the enemy were directed in vain against it. We could see, too, our noble allies swarming over into the Malakoff from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelon, or rushing with swift steps towards the right, where the Russians, continually reinforced, sought in vain to beat back their lines and to regain the key of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us all, but the issue was never doubted. It would be untrue to say that the result of our assault was not the source of deep grief and mortification to us, which all the glorious successes of our allies could not wholly alleviate. Even those who thought any attack on the Redan useless and unwise, inasmuch as the possession of the Malakoff would, in their opinion, render the Redan untenable, could not but regret bitterly that, as we had given the assault, we did not achieve a decisive triumph, and that so much blood had been, if not ingloriously, at least fruitlessly, poured forth. The French, indeed, have been generous enough to say that our troops behaved with great bravery, and that they wondered how we kept the Redan so long under such a tremendous fire, but British soldiers are rather accustomed to the *nil admirari* under such circumstances, and praise like that gives pain as well as pleasure. Many soldiers, of the opinion to which I have alluded, think that we should at once have renewed the attempt once made: but it is but small consolation to them to know that General Simpson intended to attack the Redan on the following morning, inasmuch as the Russians anticipated our probable success, and by retreat deprived us of the chance of retrieving our reputation, and at the same time acknowledged by their desperate withdrawal, the completeness achieved by our allies. Our attack lasted about an hour and three-quarters, as well as I could make out, and in that time we lost more men than at Inkermann, where the fighting lasted for seven hours. At 1.48 p.m., which was about the time we retired, there was an explosion either of a tumbrel or of a fougasse between the Mamelon and Malakoff, to the right, which seemed to blow up several Frenchmen, and soon afterwards the artillery of the Imperial Guard swept across from the rear toward the Little Redan and gave us an indication that our allies had gained a position from which they could operate against the enemy with their field-pieces. From the opening of the attack the French batteries over Careening Bay had not ceased to thunder against the

Russian fleet, which lay silently anchored below, and there was a lively cannonade between them and the Inkermann batteries till the evening, which was interrupted now and then by the intervention of the Redoubt Victoria, the English Redoubt, and the late Selinginsk and Volhynia redoubts, which engaged the Russian batteries over the last end of the harbor. At one o'clock wounded men began to crawl up from the batteries to the camp; they could tell us little or nothing. "Were we to the Redan?" "Oh, yes, and a lot of them was killed, and the Russians were mighty strong." Some were cheery, other desponding; all seemed proud of their wounds. Half an hour more, and the number of wounded increased; they came up by two and threes, and what I observed before as a bad sign—the number of stragglers, accompanying them under the pretence of rendering assistance became greater also. Then the ambulances and the caecoles (or mule litters) came in sight along the Woronzoff road filled with wounded. Every ten minutes added to their numbers, and we could see that every effort was made to hurry them down to the front as soon as they were ready for a fresh load. The litter-bearers now added to the length of the melancholy train. We heard that the temporary hospitals in front were full, and that the surgeons were beginning to get anxious about accommodation for the wounded. It may be here observed that on the occasion of the 18th June some of these temporary hospitals, which are intended to afford immediate aid in cases requiring operations on the spot, were under fire, and a shell burst in the very tent on which Dr. Payner and his assistants were operating, the ground around it being continually torn up by round-shot. On this occasion more care was taken in determining the sites of the tents. Another bad sign was that the enemy never ceased throwing up shells to the front, many of which burst high in the air over our heads, while the pieces flew with a most unpleasant whirl around us. These shells were intended for our reserves; and, although the fuses did not burn long enough for such a range, and they all burst at a considerable elevation, they caused some little injury and annoyance to the troops in the rear, and hit some of our men. The rapidly-increasing numbers of wounded men, some of whom had left their arms behind them gave rise to suspicions of the truth; but their answers to many eager questions were not very decisive or intelligible, and some of them did not even know what they had been attacking. One poor young fellow who was marching stiffly up with a broken arm and a ball through his shoulder, carried off his firelock with him, but he made the naive confession that he had "never fired it off, for he could not." The piece turned out to be in excellent order. It struck one that such men as these, however brave, were scarcely a fit match for the well-drilled soldiers of Russia; and yet we were trusting the honor, reputation, and glory of Great Britain to undisciplined lads from the plough or the lanes of our towns and villages! As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently I may mention that there was a considerable number of men in draughts which came out last week to regiments in the Fourth Division who had only been enlisted a few days, and who had never fired a rifle in their lives! It must not be imagined that such rawness can be corrected and turned into military efficiency out here, for the fact is that this siege has been about the worst possible school for developing the courage and manly self-reliance of a soldier; neither does it teach him the value of discipline and of united action. When he goes into the trenches he learns to dodge behind gabions and to take pot shots from behind stones and parapets, and at the same time he has no opportunity of testing the value of his comrades, or of proving himself against the enemy on the open field. The natural result follows. Nor was it ominous of good that there have been two courts of inquiry recently on the conduct of two most distinguished regiments—one, indeed, belonged to the highest rank of our infantry, and the other a well-tried and gallant regiment, which was engaged in this very attack, in consequence of the misconduct of their young soldiers during night affairs in the trenches. The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last: nor was there any lack of courage among the young lads just joined, but they were wanting in discipline and in confidence of their officers. No one can doubt that the assault by the Third and Fourth Divisions would have been quite successful had it been necessary. General Simpson remained in the Green-hill Battery till six o'clock, at which hour General Pelissier sent to inform him that the Malakoff was quite safe, and asked him what the English intended to do with respect to the Redan. Gen. Simpson had by this time arrived at the determination of attacking it the following morning at five o'clock with the Third and Fourth Divisions. The difficulty of getting accurate information of the progress of an action cannot be better exemplified than by this fact, that at three o'clock a General of Division did not know whether we had taken the Redan or not. Towards dusk the Guards, who had been placed in reserve behind our right attack, were marched off to their camp, and a portion of the Highlanders were likewise taken off the ground.

#### THE FRENCH ATTACK.

From *Marshall Pelissier's despatches*.—General Simpson and I had by common consent fixed the hour of attack at twelve o'clock. The hour chosen was in many respects advantageous. It gave us a better chance of suddenly surprising the enemy, and in case the Russian army of relief had been inclined to make a desperate attempt to succour the place, it would have been impossible for it to make a vigorous movement against our lines before the end of the day. In any case, whatever the result of the attack, we should have until the morning to advise upon it. On the morning of the 8th the artillery of our left attacks, which from daybreak on the 5th had kept up a violent fire, continued to crush the enemy with its

projectiles. At the right attack our batteries also fired rapidly, but kept up the system which they had adopted several days before, in expectation of that which might take place.

Towards eight o'clock the engineers threw upon the Central Bastion two miles of projection, each charged with a hundred kilogrammes of powder, and at the same time they exploded before our approaches on the front of the Malakoff three mining chambers charged in all with 500 kilogrammes of powder, in order to destroy the lower galleries of the Russian miners.

As the possession of the Malakoff works must decide the day, the other attacks were subordinated to it, and it was agreed with General Simpson that the English should not attack the Great Redan until I should have given a signal that we were sure of the Malakoff. In the same way General De Salles was not to attack with his troops until a moment which I was to indicate to him by another signal.

A little before noon all the troops were in readiness, and in perfect order on the points indicated, and the other arrangements had been punctually executed. General De Salles was ready; General Bosquet was at the fighting-post which he had chosen in the 6th parallel; and I, with General Thiry of the Artillery, Niel of the Engineers, and Martimprey, the chief of my staff, was at the Brancion redoubt, which I had chosen for my head-quarters.

All our watches had been regulated. At noon precisely all our batteries ceased to thunder, in order that they might be adjusted to a longer range, so as to reach the reserves of the enemy. At the word of their chiefs, the divisions of Generals McMahon, Dulac, and De la Motterouge, left the trenches. The drums and the clarions beat and sounded the charge, and to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" a thousand times repeated along the whole line, our intrepid soldiers precipitated themselves upon the enemy's defences. It was a solemn moment. The first brigade of McMahon's division, the 1st Regiment of Zouaves leading, followed by the 7th of the line, and having the 4th Chasseurs a Pied on its left, sprang to the left face and the salient of the Malakoff work. The breadth and depth of the ditch, the height and steepness of the slope, rendered the ascent extremely difficult to our men; but finally they gained the parapet, manned with Russians, who, in default of muskets, picked up whatever came to hand—mattocks, stones, or rammers—and used them as weapons. Then took place a hand-to-hand struggle—one of those exciting combats in which nothing but the intrepidity of our soldiers and their chiefs can give them the victory. They immediately sprang into the work; they drove back the Russians who continued to resist, and, in a few seconds afterwards, the flag of France was finally planted on the Malakoff.

At the right and centre, with that same impetuous dash which had overthrown so many obstacles and forced the enemy to fly, the divisions Dulac and de la Motterouge, led by their chiefs, had seized the Little Redan at the Careening Bay and also the Curtain, forcing the way even as far as the second *escarpe* that was being constructed. Everywhere we were in possession of the works attacked. But this first and brilliant success had near cost us very dear. Struck by a large splinter from a bomb in his right side, General Bosquet was compelled to quit the field of battle. I confided the command to General Dulac, who was admirably seconded by General de Liniers, chief of the staff of the 2nd corps.

The engineers who accompanied the storming columns were already at work; they filled up the ditches, opened passages, and threw across bridges. The second brigade of General de McMahon advanced rapidly to reinforce the troops in the Malakoff. I gave the signal agreed upon with General Simpson for the attack on the Great Redan, and shortly after for the attack on the town.

In the meantime, on the left, at the appointed signal, the columns of Levaillant's division, commanded by Generals Couston and Trochu, dashed headlong against the left flank of the Central Bastion and the left lunette. In spite of a shower of balls and projectiles, and after a very sharp contest, the spirit and vigour of these brave troops triumphed at first over the enemy's resistance, and, notwithstanding the accumulated difficulties in their front, they forced their way into the two works. But the enemy, having fallen back on his successive traverses, kept his ground everywhere. A murderous fire of musketry was opened from every ridge. Guns unmasked for the first time and field-pieces brought up to several points vomited grape and decimated our men. Generals Couston and Trochu, who had just been wounded, were obliged to give up their command. Generals Rivet and Breton were killed; several mine-chambers, fired by the enemy, produced a moment of hesitation. At length an attack in their turn by numerous Russian columns compelled our troops to abandon the works they had carried, and to retire into our advanced *places d'armes*.

Our batteries on this part of the attacks, skillfully conducted by General Lebouff, aided so devotedly and intelligently, as on all occasions, by Rear Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, changed the direction of their fire while increasing its intensity, and compelled the enemy to take shelter behind the parapets. General de Salles, causing d'Autemarre's division to advance, was preparing during this time a second and formidable attack; but as we had secured the possession of the Malakoff, I sent word to him not to let it advance. Our possession of this work, however, was energetically disputed.

By means of the batteries from the *maison en croix*, of the guns of his steamers, of field guns brought to favourable points, and of the batteries on the north side of the roadstead, the enemy deluged us with grape, and with projectiles of every kind, and committed great ravages in our ranks. The powder magazine of the Russian Postern Battery had just exploded, thereby increasing our loss, and causing the eagle of the 91st to disappear for a moment. A great many superior officers and others were either wounded or killed. Three times the division of Dulac and de la Motterouge seized the Redan and the curtain, and three times they were obliged to fall back before a terrible fire of artillery and the dense masses arrayed in front of them. Nevertheless the two field batteries of reserve from the Lancaster battery descended at a trot, crossed the trenches, and boldly stationed themselves within half-range. They succeeded in driving away the enemy's columns and the steamers. A part of these two divisions, supported in this heroic struggle by the troops of the Guard, who on this day covered themselves with glory, made good their footing in the entire left of the curtain, from which the enemy could not drive them. During the renewed combats of the right and the centre, the Russians rebounded their ef-

forts to reconquer the Malakoff. This work, which is a sort of earthen citadel of 350 metres in length and 150 metres in width, armed with 62 guns of different calibre, crowns a mamelon which commands the whole interior of the Karabelinaia quarter, takes in reverse the Redan which as attacked by the English, is only 2,200 metres from the south harbour, and threatens not merely the only anchorage now remaining for the ships, but the only means of retreat open to the Russians, namely, the bridge thrown across the roadstead from one bank to the other.

Thus during the first hours of the strife of the two armies, the Russians constantly renewed their attempts; but General McMahon, in resisting these incessant attacks, was assisted successively by Vinoy's brigade of his division, by the Zouaves of the Guard, General Wimpffen's reserve, and a part of the Volunteers of the Guard; in all directions he resisted the enemy, who were everywhere repulsed. The Russians, however, made a last and separate attempt. Formed in deep column, they thrice assailed the breast of the work, and thrice they were compelled to retire with enormous loss before the solidity of our troops.

After this last struggle, which ended about five in the evening, the enemy appeared resolved to abandon the spot, and only his batteries continued until night to send us some projectiles, which no longer did us much harm.

The detachments of the engineers and artillery, who during the combat were gallantly fighting or actively engaged in their special work, quickly set about carrying out the works that were pressing in the interior of the fort under the direction of their officers.

According to my orders, Generals Thiry and Niel instructed Generals Beuret and Frossard, commanding the artillery and engineers of the 2nd corps, to take all necessary steps for establishing ourselves firmly in the Malakoff, and on that part of the curtain which was in our power, so that we might, in case of need, resist a night attack of the enemy, and be in a position to drive him the next day from the Little Redan of the Careening bay, the Maison en Croix, and all this portion of his defences.

These arrangements became, however, unnecessary. The enemy, hopeless of retaking the Malakoff, took an important resolution—he evacuated the town.

Towards the close of the day I had a suspicion of this, for I had seen long lines of troops and baggage defile along the bridge and reach the north bank, and the conflagrations which arose in every direction soon removed all doubt. I should have liked to push forward, gain the bridge, and cut off the enemy's retreat; but the besieged was at every moment blowing up one or other of his defences, his powder magazines, and his establishments. These explosions would have destroyed us in detail, and so they rendered the idea impracticable. We remained in position until the day should arise upon this scene of desolation.

The sun in rising lighted up this work of destruction, which was very much greater than we had been able to imagine. The last Russian vessels anchored the evening before in the roadstead were sunken: the bridge was disconnected; the enemy had only reserved his steamers, which carried off the last fugitives and some infatuated Russians who were still walking amongst the fires in this unhappy city. But presently these men, as well as the steamers, were driven to seek refuge in the indentations of the bank north of the roadstead.

Thus terminated this memorable siege, during which the army of relief has been twice defeated in order of battle, and the offensive and defensive means of which have attained to colossal proportions. The besieging army had, at its various attacks, 800 guns in battery, which have fired more than 1,600,000 times; and our approaches, excavated in the course of 336 days, in rocky ground, and presenting an extent of more than 80 kilometres (20 leagues), have been executed under the constant fire of the place, and disturbed by incessant combats day and night.

The day of Sept. 8, on which the allied armies proved themselves superior to an army almost equal in number, not invested, entrenched behind formidable defences, provided with more than 1100 guns, protected by the guns of the fleet, and of the batteries north of the roadstead, and still disposing of immense resources, will remain an example of what may be expected from an army, brave, disciplined, and inured to war.

(From the *Daily News' Correspondent*.)

That in the two combined attacks, however, which have terminated the siege of Sebastopol, our allies succeeded in that undertaken by them, whilst we failed in the other allotted to us, may at first seem humiliating to our military pride; but when the relative difficulties of the two operations are considered, I venture to think that we shall suffer little either in our own estimation or in that of Europe generally. Mainly owing to the fire of our English batteries during the three previous days of the bombardment—for the Mamelon had remained all but silent throughout that period—the French on the forenoon of the 8th found every gun but one in the Malakoff silenced. Their advanced sap, too, had brought them also to within some forty yards of their point of attack, and during their rapid dash in column over this narrow space, they were exposed only to the grape-shot of this one gun. Once on the face of the parapet, they were safe from a second discharge, and had then only to contend against the faint and brief resistance of a body of trench guards, who had evidently been taken unawares. A rapid and well-sustained fire of musketry soon expelled these, and the reserves who were hurried up by the enemy had equally little chance against the swarming columns of our allies, whom good generalship kept pouring in to the support of the first stormers, as fast as human legs could scramble up the broad parapet and jump inside the redoubt.

Such a contest was merely a question of numbers; and, having made excellent arrangements to secure their own superiority in this respect, the French commanders had no cause to doubt the result. Widely different, however, was the case on our side. Differently constructed—as I shall presently describe—and stretching over a long line, in hardly any point exposed to so close and direct a fire as that which bore upon the Malakoff, the Redan had replied to our batteries with considerable vigor throughout the entire bombardment; and at noon of the 8th still continued to show fight with a dozen or so of uninjured guns. Instead, too, of forty yards of open space, the nearest point from our most advanced parallel to the ditch of the Redan measured 220, and this, also, everywhere exposed to the fire of twelve or fourteen 68-pounders.